

Looking For Shangri-La

Tribes

If a man is judged by his word
In a world under a current
Then who am I to offer you protection?

In this land of pleasure and sin
Of love and suffering
Would you sell your soul in return for your redemption?

Shangri-la, carry on
Home at last, in time for all the fun

Like a man condemned for his crimes
Forever innocent in his mind
When I think of you, I see my own reflection

From the cradle to the grave
When all that's left is what's been said
With your final breath, would you offer me direction?

Shangri-la, carry on
Home at last, in time for all the fun
Shangri-la, carry on
Home at last, in time for all the fun

Shangri-la nana nana na na na nana